

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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Captain Asa's New Year's Brisket.

It is fortunate to give the impression at the very outset that John Charitis was a more than normally material man. But the fact cannot be disguised that on his way to Harboro', in the overheated train that seemed to be melting its way through a heavy fall of snow, his mind was almost wholly occupied with thoughts about food. Considering, however, the facts that he was going down to visit "Aunt Rhody," as he always did at the far-end of holiday time, and that the rest of the year he lived in boarding-house—and that Aunt Rhody was a culinary standard famous the country round, his grossness appears more pardonable.

For the most part his annual visit had been the only event boasting any noticeable excitement in the even current of Aunt Rhody's life, for, being quite alone in the world, with a sufficient income to keep herself and her house and her cat in comfort, she spent the days in homely content and unruffled peace. But since his last visit to her she had done a most amazing thing. She had been married!

He had received a letter from her one morning, as he sat in the rather dingy dining-room, waiting for his cold coffee and heavy bread, and the very handwriting on the envelope made him hunger for some of her crisp hot waffles. But he forgot even the odious comparison of Mrs. Gringle's table when he read Aunt Rhody's news.

She didn't seem to be quite sure why she had done it—getting married at this late day. She spoke somewhat uncertainly about herself, though not of her husband! He was Capt. Asa Gaynor—John surely remembered him—and he had just talked her into it, that's all there was to it.

John Charitis had smiled over the letter more than once. Probably the captain had come during preserving or pickling time, and she had said "Yes!" just to get him out from under her feet in the kitchen—he remembered an old phrase of hers. Yes, he did remember the captain—a tall, lean man with a mouth that shut hard and tight, smooth-shaven above and whiskered below.

The newly married pair had gone to live in his house, Aunt Rhody had written him. He remembered that, too. Harboro' is a quaint old village with a street-full of houses of unreckonable antiquity down by the harbor, and a goodly scattering of newer ones between there and the summer colony and the golf grounds. The captain's was among the old houses, a comfortable pre-revolutionary residence with low, big rooms and an immense kitchen.

At the thought of the kitchen, John Charitis found his soul filled with envy. To think of being fed all the year round on Aunt Rhody's cooking! It was a very feeling letter of congratulation that he wrote the captain.

Aunt Rhody met him at the door of the captain's house when he knocked.

"Come inside, for land sakes! You must be frozen! How glad I am!" was her incoherent greeting. He kissed her plump cheeks and squeezed her shoulders.

"Well, how's the bride?" he inquired.

Oh, you go 'long. The captain's not in. Come into the settin' room, John. You're not looking very well." He kept his arm about her shoulder as they left the hall. "Of course not, I've been starving as usual since I was last here."

He noticed that she made no answer. Usually a reference to her exquisite kitchen-craft elicited some rejoinder.

She sat him down beside the open fire, herself near him. It was such a little fire that Charitis had to lean very close to it in order to warm his hands, and it was in the somewhat undignified position that he continued to tease about his having interrupted a honeymoon. She took it quietly enough, as she always did everything, crocheting a fiery red muffler as she listened and occasionally answered. Charitis had always told her he believed the Lord put knitting into her hands as He had given manna to the Children of the Wilderness. He had never

seen her take her work out of any box or basket or pocket. She would sit down beside him, he would declare, empty-handed, and the next moment she would be thriftingly at work with a mass of heaven-bestowed crimson Germantown.

"There you go again!" said he laughing as he turned to look at her, without, however, withdrawing from the diminutive conflagration on the hearth! "Angels still requiring comfortables, eh? Well, certainly if heaven is the antithesis of the other place, and that other place is as hot as they think it is—where do you keep the wood-box in this house, Aunt Rhody? I'm perishing with cold. And this fire is so small that it raises a wicked determination in me to lead a simple life and die young just to make sure of getting thoroughly warmed. Eh?"

A troubled look settled upon the eke placid brow of his hostess. "If you are really cold, John, dear, of course—the box is just the other side of the door, there—the Captain doesn't like to see a lot of wood burning."

Charitis took a long awakening look at her. He forgot that his finger tips were cold and that the wood box was just the other side of the door. She moved a little nervously—or was it just the quick movement of her fingers in throwing the thick, soft thread of wool back and forth?

"Rhody Gaynor, nee Crittenden," he said, half severely, half tenderly, "what is all this? Aren't you happy? Is the Captain overbearing you at this time of day when you've been your own dictator for so long?"

"Well, John dear," said Aunt Rhody, "I suppose he has as much right to be set in his ways as I have."

"Oh, has he?" said John Charitis. "Well, I'm hanged if he can be set in mine! You have just as much right to decide what shall be done in this house as he has—didn't he endow you with his worldly goods (and ten to one you brought him more than he ever had himself)? Now I ask you, Aunt Rhody—may I put on some more wood? Your beloved John is cold."

She looked up with an uncertain, directive smile. "Surely, yes," she said. "I am certain the Captain—"

"Blink for the Captain!" said Charitis disrespectfully. He went to the wood-box, gathered up three large, split hickory logs, and returned to arrange them on the foundation fire so that great, cheerful flames sprang up between their dry, fibrous sides. He stood regarding the roaring mass with satisfaction, yet there was behind the superficial expression of gratified desire a brooding thoughtful ness.

Now and then he flung an unseen glance at her and observed that between stitching loops with her long, white needle, she looked somewhat nervously at the big blaze in the chimney, and again somewhat nervously at the door.

John Charitis squared his shoulders as for battle, and when he sat down again in his chair, now in a fair way to be roasted, there was more meaning than Aunt Rhody guessed in his somewhat savage declaration, "I'm glad I came."

After another silence he said, "Captain smokes, I suppose?"

"Oh, no," said Aunt Rhody. "He says it is a wasteful, unnecessary indulgence."

Charitis nodded shortly to himself and then settled himself comfortably in the chair as for a siege. "I brought you down a box of grapefruit and oranges, Aunt Rhody," he said. "It seemed to me after I got them a little like bringing coals to Newcastle to bring any contribution to your famously stocked larder, especially at holiday time, but it occurred to me that even if you had no use for them now you could make them into marmalade. Oh, I must have some marmalade and waffles for tea, Aunt Rhody. I've just been dreaming of them all the way down here." He had his eye on her every minute of the time and her discomfort was not unseen by him. Indeed, he almost smiled when it culminated then in her getting to her feet with an unintelligible murmur and starting off for the kitchen. He let her go, but once she was out of sight John Charitis shook his fist at the door whereby

he expected the captain to enter. "You wait!" said he grimly. "I'll have you coming in and getting penurious around my Aunt Rhody. If I don't have you under her thumb before I go away my name's not John dear—not by a long shot."

He was on his feet, a-straddle before the snapping fire, smoking a cigar, when the Captain came in at last, red, white and blue with the cold, and yet displeased at the unusual warmth that pervaded the house.

"What's this?" he said testily. "Is the house afire? How do, Mr. Charitis? Excuse me a minute!"

He made as if to put John aside and reduce the fire to its former size, but he had reckoned without his guest.

Charitis did not move. "Oh, the fire's all right now," he said, "I'm an expert fire builder. An Adirondack guide taught me how to make a blaze. Dandy, isn't it? You should have seen the spot of light I found Aunt Rhody trying to get along with. You'd think some one had struck a match and thrown it in there. Women can't build fires, and that's no mistake."

The Captain was not the kind of man to be put aside so easily. His tight-lipped mouth cut off the words of his reply, like a pair of scissors.

"I'd have you know, Mr. Charitis, that a small fire is what I prefer in my house."

Charitis laughed pleasantly. "But bless you Captain, you're not living all alone here. Aunt Rhody and I aren't used to little fires, and we are two to one, you see. Have a cigar? I brought down a whole box of extra fine Havanas for our Christmas."

"I don't smoke," said the Captain shortly.

"That's too bad," said Charitis blandly. "Well-to-do men are just the ones to smoke, though I say it, who am poor. By the way, how's that investment of Aunt Rhody's turning out? I mean the four-story brick building down on Summer Street. Is the building renting well?"

The Captain glowered in displeasure. "It's all right, I suppose," he said.

"Oh—you are not managing her affairs?"

"Certainly!" snapped the Captain. "My wife's affairs are my affairs."

"Naturally. So when you suppose the place is doing well, you mean you know it is? Who has taken the second floor?"

"Woman's Exchange has got one side, and Albert Todd's real estate office 't'her. Mrs. Jenks lives on the third floor and has her dress-making establishment there. Odd Fellows rent one room on the top, and that's all."

"Well, but that's very good," said Charitis, contentedly. "Rhody must be getting twenty per cent nearly. Has she rented her home?"

"Yes," said Gaynor, shortly.

"Good again. Why, you've got an heiress, Captain. I congratulate you."

The light of a fixed determination had not died out of John, dear's, eyes, however, in spite of amiable converse with his genial host when they sat down to supper. There was the array of the pots and cups and bowls necessary for the making of tea at Aunt Rhody's end of the table, a small platter of lean meat at the Captain's end and a plate of wonderful hot browned biscuits in front of Charitis.

Charitis was hungry without any affectation, and he ate heartily of what was put before him—which was little and soon gone. He saw a redness about Aunt Rhody's eyes and a nervous shame in her face, which led him to believe that not without some miserable memories of her own bounteous board had she led him in to so parsimonious a supper. Charitis talked lightly during that short space necessary to consume the thin slice of cold meat, a cup of tea and two or three of the feather-flake biscuits, which he could see the Captain frowning upon even while he ate them. Then Charitis sat back and smiled at Aunt Rhody.

"Now for waffles and marmalade!" he said in as joyous a tone as he could muster. For he knew full well alack, that no such epifeast was forthcoming, and his young

stomach was sad in its deprivation of long-anticipated joys.

A sorry flush crimsoned Aunt Rhody's cheeks, but the Captain saved her from explaining. "You see your supper before you, young man. I'll have no wasteful extravagance in my house."

"John, dear," said Aunt Rhody, as if her gentle voice could obliterate the ringing tone of the Captain's inhospitality. "I looked for your particular kind of marmalade, but there wasn't any. And—"

Charitis heard a break in her voice that went to his heart, and he pressed her foot under the table just to let her know that he was but playing a part and had no actual love of jam. Also he winked at her cheerfully, and in her surprise her voice died away.

"Never mind, my dear Aunt Rhody," said Charitis; "it hurts no one to fast the day before a feast. We will make up for it to-morrow and I swear if you don't have chestnut and apple stuffing for the turkey I shall weep openly and unmanfully at the table!"

Aunt Rhody's eyes were fixed miserably upon the Captain at the conclusion of this remark. So also were John, dear's, but with a vastly different expression. The Captain pushed back his plate and squared himself at the young man—exactly, as the young man had hoped he would.

"Mr. Charitis," said the Captain, "we might just as well understand one another at the outset. My ideas of life are rather different from yours. I do not approve of spending any more money than is absolutely necessary"—he made sixteen syllables of the two words—"upon food or for fuel or dress, or any other luxuries. Other people may do as they please—that is no business of mine. But I can direct my own wife. And you will find neither turkey nor stuffing nor any other unusual fardel on my table to-morrow. I can find no connection between Christmas or New Year's and turkey—nor any reason why a Christian cannot eat boiled potatoes and corned beef on those days as well as on any other."

He sat back majestically, relieved to have unmistakably outlined his point of view as the directing influence of the household.

"And you are going to eat corned beef and boiled potatoes to-morrow for New Year's dinner?" inquired John, dear, amazedly.

"I am, sir," said the Captain firmly and loudly.

Charitis turned to look at Aunt Rhody and to wink at her again, lest she be too overcome with humiliation to remain to witness the end of the encounter. His look returned immediately after to the Captain.

"But you know what a perfectly wonderful cook Aunt Rhody is," he urged. "Have you the heart to deny her the chance to exercise her most unusual talents in that line?"

"Sir," said the Captain in his once-for-all tone, "I refuse to pay one cent toward an extravagant pampering of ignoble appetites. One is no more hungry after eating corned beef than after eating turkey, and food is not to be regarded in the light of anything but necessity. I also"—he added fore-stalling the next impertinent question, "refuse to allow my wife to squander her substance on any such vanity of vanities. What is the custom, how other people spend their money, concerns me not."

"But," said John Charitis, "you really think it is wrong to pamper one's appetite with dainties, such as turkey and chestnut stuffing?"

"Certainly!"

"Do you, Aunt Rhody?" How innocent was that side of his face presented to the Captain!

"Well, not wrong, John, dear," said Aunt Rhody, wondering what all this was coming to. "If I had thought it wrong, I shouldn't have spent so much of my life cooking dainties. But, of course"—she looked nervously at the Captain—"it can't be denied that turkey costs a great deal more than corned beef, and that one can satisfy one's hunger with the less expensive meat."

The Captain assumed his triumph. Rising, he turned to leave the room, but the voice of his guest, still seated at the board, held him.

"Well, now I'll tell you," said

Charitis. "Corned beef and I are not strangers. In fact I had some for my dinner last evening. Now, I've been living along some months, kept up under the tyranny of cold potatoes and bitter tea by the hope and expectation of vacation with my Aunt Rhody and of filling my perishable frame with as much juicy turkey and hot mince-real-wine pie as it would hold. So this is in the nature of a horrible disappointment to me, but I'm glad we talked it all out so that I could see exactly where you stand, both of you. With you, Captain, it's a matter of principle and conviction, and I don't want to have it said of me that I ever tried to shake a man from what he considered a righteous position. With Aunt Rhody it is just a wifely willingness not to spend your money or hers in a way that displeases you. Well, now, since you say it is none of our business how other people spend their money, you can have no objection to my buying a turkey and some chestnuts and cranberries and mince-meat and such fardel for to-morrow's dinner, and asking my Aunt Rhody as a favor to exercise her wonderful art upon these humble ingredients and convert them into food fit for Trimalchio himself. As a man of your word you can't object to that idea, can you?"

The Captain stood irresolute. Somehow, the young man's enthusiastic interest in Christmas viands had somewhat awakened his old boyish love of goodies, long ago laced into the rigid corset of his mean economies. "I don't see," he admitted slowly, "that since you have so set your heart on your turkey, and it would spoil your whole Christmas if you didn't get it—I don't see that I object very much to your bringing it around and Rhody's cooking it for dinner to-morrow."

"Then you consent?" said John, dear, too much aware of the delicacy of the situation to believe that Aunt Rhody would undertake the matter without the black and white permission of her lord.

Visions of browned turkey and crimson sauces and of smoking mince pie would have prevented his giving any halfway confirmation of his permission had the Captain so intended. "Yes, I consent," he said. "Get whatever fardels you please, while you're here, and Rhody can cook them."

"Thank you very much," said John, dear, and his voice assumed unexpectedly the tone of one pronouncing another's doom. He rose and pushed his chair back into place. "Make out your list, Aunt Rhody, and I'll go right down to the stores. Be sure to say enough of everything, enough for two, that is, because, of course, the Captain, since he considers our feasting wrong, will eat his corned beef and boiled potatoes just the same."

A stranger New Year's dinner surely was never seen than that spread next day on the Capt in's table. At one end was the small platter with the corned beef and boiled potatoes. At the other end a splendid turkey fit for a king reared its proud breast, and a distractingly appetizing odor of mingled onion, sage, chestnut and apple issued therefrom at the first plunge of Aunt Rhody's knife.

John, dear, presided over several covered dishes, found to contain that crimson jelly of cranberries for the making of which Aunt Rhody held her place in a famous cook-book, frothy potatoes whipped with the richest and most extravagant cream, salt and butter, tomatoes stuffed with minced ham and bread crumbs and baked in their own liquor, and thin, crisp, sweet slices of browned egg-plant.

The commingled fragrance of these fardels smote the Captain's nostrils with the incense of temptation. But he gave no sign. Aunt Rhody, in her affection for him, which John could see, had struggled valiantly with her pathetic distaste for his miserly ways, was only prevented by her nephew's stern reminder of her secret promise to him from sending down to her husband a plate laden with Christmas cheer. But John, dear, positively kicked her under the table to remind her that the end was not yet, and immediately began a minute and detailed praise of the many good things set before him, which did

not end until they were consumed, and the after-benison of hot mince pie and cheese and Aunt Rhody's coffee was being absorbed in the reverential silence it deserved. Long before John, dear, and the proud and happy culinary artist had finished approving and appreciating her spoils, the Captain had excused himself and departed to parts unknown. Then did the sinful two compare and consult as to future deployments, and much iron did John have to instill into the tender heart of Aunt Rhody to brace her for a continuance of their heartless procedure.

"For supper, Aunt Rhody, we will have some of our turkey, the white meat, made into croquettes, with the can of peas and a cream sauce. And some waffles, my dearest of dears, afterward with marmalade."

Aunt Rhody sighed as she rose. "How you can think of eating waffles and croquettes with your insides as full of Christmas dinner as they must be, is past my comprehension."

"You haven't been living in a boarding-house for twelve months," replied John Charitis, laughing.

"Maybe I haven't," said she.

And John, dear, remembered the thin, cold meat.

However, when supper came—and the courses of the stars were not more exact as predicted than the courses of John's ordering—even Aunt Rhody, who had been sleighing with her extravagant nephew, was equal to her share of croquettes and waffles, which latter she ate on a system wholly her own, between the cooking of fresh batches, The Captain sat modily before his cold meat and bread and tea, and, as before, excused himself early, while yet Charitis was filling the honeycomb holes of crisp, hot waffles with marmalade.

That evening the next day's feast was planned before bedtime, the most expensive and best things ever hung and displayed in a market being selected by John, dear, and, fluttering accepted with gentle protest by Aunt Rhody, whose artistic soul was aflame with ambition. The marvels that she achieved filled her nephew with unholy joy, and the last remains of the turkey, pressed cold into a beautiful jelly, were worthy of association with the first choice morsels of the holiday bird.

It was on the third day of the new regimen that the first indication of ultimate victory came to gladden the breast of Charitis and to lift a little from the soul of Aunt Rhody the doubt and fear that had begun to possess her after the second day of unsuccessful operations. The news came indirectly from Bill Anderson, who had been commissioned by Charitis to deliver at the house two fat, over-fed chickens, and a barrel of luscious, red, polished apples, the most exclusive apples that ever grew on trees since the flaming sword went to stand before the gate of the Garden of Eden.

"What's the matter with Capt. Asa?" was the first remark from Bill Anderson as he rolled the barrel into place and turned his red, cheerful face toward Aunt Rhody. "Aren't you feeding him enough? I should say from the orders we've been getting down to the store he's been living pretty high."

John Charitis sprang from his chair, where he had been sitting talking to Aunt Rhody and petting the cat while she cut potatoes into small, round balls and dropped them with a flop into cold water. "What do you mean?" he said, as the cat fell to the floor.

"Why, as I was coming by the Harboro' Arms," said Bill Anderson slowly, "going to get that there asparagus you ordered from the Timmins place, I seen the Captain setting in the window at a table. He had the shades down, but I seen him from the corner window as I come up."

"What was he doing?" asked Charitis eagerly.

"Eating turkey, sure! I am a man," said Bill Anderson. "By gum, he had a plate full and he was eating away for dear life. And the cooking at the Harboro' is pretty dry and unprofitable too!"

To the amazement of the good-natured fellow, Charitis suddenly sprang at him, caught him by the waist and arm, and whirled him off in a giddy, triumphant waltz, which

with difficulty evaded collision with every article of furniture the kitchen contained. Willing, but mystified, Bill Anderson lent himself sheepishly to this enthusiastic demonstration until the breath of Charitis was thoroughly exhausted and he fell into his chair, panting, able only feebly to pat the hand of his smiling aunt and smile at her himself between gasps.

"It's going, it's going!" said John, dear, so soon as he could say anything. "Oh, Bill Anderson, the Lord bless you for going by the Harboro' Arms."

Of course there was no way to relieve Bill Anderson of the apprehension that insanity brooded over the whole household of Gaynor and relatives except by telling him the truth, which Charitis did, so enlisting Bill's interest and sympathies in their cause that he became fertile in suggestion, and often thereafter in delivering their orders would bring along some succulent dainty they had not thought of to help the good work along.

Through his valuable ally, John Charitis also learned of the Captain's frequent appearance in the Harboro' Arms, for though the Captain strove to conceal himself nothing eludes the piercing eye of a country-bred gossip. And Bill Anderson could pry unmolested where Charitis would immediately have been challenged.

One week had Charitis planned to remain in the garden of heart's desire—if it is true that the way to a man's heart is via his stomach—but the siege had been unsuccessful in spite of the reported signs of weakening, and John, dear, was not the man to withdraw when success lured him and Aunt Rhody to persevere. But on the eighth day did the town fall.

Captain Asa Gaynor had done his best at first to disregard the longings that assailed him when on his every entering of the house, warm soft smells of delicious culinary blisses filled his nostrils. But he found, to his chagrin, that one was oftentimes hungry for turkey after having eaten corned beef, and that his appetite, which he had believed to be subdued to a mere mechanical reminder of need of fuel, was still to be stirred to irresistible fury of desire for some particular viand. Rather than to acknowledge to Charitis, however, that he had underestimated the simple pleasures of the table, and overestimated his superiority to their allurements, he had at last gone into that dark and unattractive "eating room" at the Harboro' Arms, and sent up a despairing cry for turkey, turkey, whose tender brown and white slices and whose spicy smell had driven him so near defeat at his own table.

The turkey at the Harboro' Arms was tough and stringy, and the dressing was dry and tasteless. But he ate it voraciously nevertheless, as if to quell either by surfeit or disappointment the clamorous desire within him. The inefficiency of this procedure became apparent when the silenced longing revived at his own table louder and more insistent than ever for "some turkey"—not the dry, fibrous turkey of the Harboro' Arms, but some of those delicate morsels which Aunt Rhody selected to heap upon the plate of John, dear.

He had gone back again and to the Harboro' Arms, however, as Bill Anderson faithfully reported, to fortify himself against the insinuating allurements of the odors in his kitchen. All the youthful hungry love of good things rose up in him and conquered the meanness of his latter mistaken years. The woody and unpalatable product served as turkey in the public inn failed to quench the fire it had not originated, and he knew that the food he craved would not quench but feed the flame.

On the eighth day the old order changed in the house of Gaynor. Aunt Rhody and John, dear, beheld the figure of victory stalking in at the gate, and the figure bore a remarkable resemblance to Captain Asa, borne down by the weight of a heavy basket.

John, dear, clasped Aunt Rhody in a triumphal and congratulatory embrace as they waited for him to come in.

"You're going to be a heap sight

(Concluded on Fourth Page.)

Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 31, 1908.

EDWIN A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published at 103d Street and Broadway) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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"He's true to God who's true to man ;

Wherever wrong is done

To the humblest and the weakest

'Neath the all-beholding sun,

That wrong is also done to us,

And they are slaves most base,

Whose love of right is for themselves,

And not for all the race."

Notices concerning the whereabouts of individuals will be charged for at the rate of ten cents a line.

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"The Mills of God."

A MAN stood stained: France was one Alp of hate,
Pressing upon him with the whole world's weight.

In all the circle of the ancient sun
There was no voice to speak for him—not one.

In all the world of men there was no sound
But of a sword flung broken to the ground.
Hell laughed its little hour; and then be-
hold

How one by one the guarded gates unfold,
Swiftly by Unseen forces hurried

And now a man rising against the world!
Oh, import deep as life is, deep as time!

There is a Something sacred and sublime
Moving behind the worlds, beyond our ken,

Weighing the stars, weighing the deeds of men.

Take heart, O soul of sorrow, and be strong!

There is One greater than the whole world's wrong.

Be hushed before the high Benignant Power

That moves wool-shod through sepulcher and tower.

No truth so low but He will give it crown;
No wrong so high but He will hurl it down.

O men that forge the fetter, it is vain;
There is a Still Hand stronger than your chain.

'Tis no avail to bargain, sneer and nod,
And shrug the shoulder for reply to God.

—Edwin Markham.

ANOTHER year has come to a close, filled with a record of good and useful and influential work by the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

In its columns have been recorded all of the important happenings that relate to the deaf as a class, and when the progress of the past is written by some future historian, he will find in its files a storehouse of reliable data.

Perhaps the greatest victory of the year has been the success of concentrated effort to remove the restriction which barred the deaf from examinations for positions under the Civil Service. For that great boon, all honor and the highest credit belong to Dr. Edward M. Gallaudet, President of Gallaudet College, and Hon. James R. Garfield, Minister of the Interior. Still we must not overlook the work of the National Association of the Deaf, the herculean work and convincing logic of Mr. George W. Veditz, the efforts of the State Associations of the Deaf, and the individual endeavor of numerous public-spirited deaf gentlemen who brought the matter to the attention of Congressmen and Senators. All combined deserve a measure of praise in the happy result.

A NEW weekly newspaper for the deaf is *The Silent Success*. The paper has existed as a monthly for a year or two, under the management of Mr. Oren Elliot. A quintet of enterprising gentlemen of St. Louis, have purchased the paper and hereafter it will be issued as a weekly. Mr. A. O. Steidemann, well known to our readers as a man of good judgment who wields a fluent pen, is the editor. Mr. H. R. Wootton will help Mr. Steidemann in taking care of the correspondence and dodging any brickbats that the disgruntled may

throw. Messrs. Geo. D. Hunter and Edward G. Whitaker will run down "ads" and make the "local scoops," and Mr. William Stafford "will see to the publishing, getting the paper out on time each week," so the announcement reads, and we would like to add that Mr. Stafford will have his hands full. Subscription price of *The Silent Success* is one dollar a year, and the address 4119 North Eleventh Street, St. Louis, Mo. The JOURNAL extends the hand of fraternal greeting, and hopes that the outcome of the venture, like its name, will be a decided success.

PHILADELPHIA.

News items for this column should be sent to James S. Reider, 1839 North Dover Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

SACRAMENTAL CONSECRATION IN THE SIGN LANGUAGE

A Sermon preached at the Twentieth Anniversary of the consecration of All Souls' Church for the Deaf, in Philadelphia, Pa., by the Rev. John Andrew, D.D., December 28, 1908, at the Church, Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia, Pa., December 28th, 1908.

Years ending with the number eight have a peculiar association with the progress of church work among the deaf in this diocese. In the year 1878, Bishop Stevens brought before a convention in his annual charge, his wish that the church would take some decided action in the matter of furthering the spiritual interest of the deaf. He stated that in 1864, Bishop Potter had brought the subject before the church, but for some reason or other, nothing much had come of it. The year 1878, among the deaf, is true, but it was entirely a parochial work and deaf people moved about from one church to another, at various times, where they would meet to hold their service. It was a feeble beginning, still it was a beginning. The result of Bishop Stevens' request of the Convention of 1878 was the appointment of a committee to take this matter up and report at the next Convention, in 1879, some plan by which more extended work could be done among the deaf of Philadelphia. That was the beginning. The committee, for some reasons over which they had no control, did not report at the next year, but in the year 1880, they brought a report urging the formation of a commission, which should have charge of this work and change it from a purely parish work to diocesan work. There was great opposition to this, because it was thought that there was already a Board of Christian Missions and that Board could attend to this work. It was pointed out however, that it would be better not to have a new Board, but a Commission whose work might extend beyond the diocese, and if necessary, have exclusive charge of this work. The Commission was appointed, and since that year, it has been doing what it could to further the spiritual interests of the deaf. About the same time a Commission was appointed in the Diocese of Central Pennsylvania. That, however, did not amount to a great deal, and finally it resulted simply in some contributions, not very large, for the work of the Pennsylvania Commission, which had been operating in Pennsylvania as well as in Delaware and New Jersey, where there were demands for spiritual aid and instruction for the deaf. It was a small beginning, but this work has been growing ever since, and twenty years ago to-day I stood in this place to congratulate the deaf upon having a consecrated place of worship of their own. That was in 1888, and now, twenty years afterward, in 1908, we are assembled to commemorate that consecration. The work has been going on steadily, and has increased and has been a blessing to those who are deaf in this neighborhood, in this city, and in the adjoining dioceses.

It seemed a great honor to have been selected to come here twenty years ago to preach the sermon on that occasion, and it is indeed gratifying to have now again the honor of being with you to commemorate the work of these twenty years. I want to say something to-night about a question that has come up in certain quarters lately as to the validity of the consecration of the elements of the Holy Communion by those who can only use the sign language, and in order to do this, I have chosen as my text these words of Scripture, which will be found in the 4th chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews, the 12th verse: "The word of God is living and powerful and sharper than a two-edged sword, and piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, of both joints and marrow, and is a discernor of the thoughts and intents of the heart."

Now what I have to say upon this subject must necessarily be very brief. I wish to state simply some fundamental principles which cover this subject. Those of you who may wish to look into it more thoroughly will find in four books, (the names of which I shall give you), a very full discussion of the whole history of the Doctrine of the Holy Communion.

The subject for this evening is, "The Validity of the Consecration of the Sacraments in the Language," and I make certain distinct points very briefly but covering the ground, and those who care to look into the books named further on at the end of this address will find ample justification for what I have now to say.

The first point is this: Language is simply an expression of the continuity of thought. If intelligible language is simply an intelligible expression of the continuity of thought. No matter what the language is, whether Greek, Latin, German, French, or any other, whether it be by signs or spoken words, so that it be intelligible it serves the purpose. There are many languages which many people do not understand, God understands all languages. This statement is the foundation of all that I have to say.

You cannot hear me, but your sign language, used by your interpreter, conveys to you a perfectly accurate vehicle for the transmission of the thoughts, the wishes, the aspirations of the human mind and heart to those who understand and use it.

The second point I want to make is this. The form of liturgy which is binding on us is the form prescribed in the "Book of Common Prayer," the administration of the sacraments and other rites and ceremonies of the Church, according to the use of the Protestant Episcopal Church, in the United States of America. That form represents the mind of the whole of this church as set forth by its representatives, Bishops, clergy, and laity. No other form is ever binding or tolerable in this Church and especially in the administration of the sacraments. Every other, of the many other forms, has been delibe-

ately set aside and this form has been substituted in their place wherever this form differs from them. This fact is something either forgotten or ignored even by men high in office in the church, and this ignoring is an act of lawlessness pure and simple.

The third point is this:—That in our form of service every act of consecration spiritual efficiency is held to be the work of the Holy Spirit of God, and not of the officiating minister, who simply sets apart certain visible material elements, the water in Baptism and the bread and wine in the Holy Communion, specifying the uses for which each is intended, and offering intelligible prayer that God will consecrate them for their respective uses. The spiritual energizing power in each case is God's act, not the words or manual action of the minister.

Let me recall to you the consecration of the water in Baptism as set forth in our office. In the last prayers immediately preceding the act of baptism, the minister is directed to use these words:—"Regard, we beseech Thee, the supplications of Thy congregation, sanctify the water, the water in Baptism and the bread and wine in the Holy Communion, specifying the uses for which each is intended, and offering intelligible prayer that God will consecrate them for their respective uses. The spiritual energizing power in each case is God's act, not the words or manual action of the minister."

And we must remember that the words of the Father, to hear us; and of Thy Almighty goodness vouchsafe to bless and sanctify with Thy word and Holy Spirit, these Thy gifts and creatures of bread and wine, that we receiving them according to Thy Son our Saviour Jesus Christ's Holy institution, in remembrance of his death and passion, may be partakers of His most blessed Body and Blood."

And to this prayer of consecration by God Himself the congregation offers its "Amen."

The Fourth point is this:—That consecrating power can be prayed for intelligibly by those who understand the sign language, so that every one of them can join in prayer without utterance of a single audible word. The prayer is made to God of whose power and readiness to hear the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews says,—"The word of God is living and powerful and sharper than a two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit and of the joints and marrow, and is a discernor of the thoughts and intents of the heart."

So that in sacrament and otherwise it needs no audible spoken word to reach Him.

The fifth point is this:—This view of sacramental efficacy, namely, that the consecrating power comes from God and not from the human agent who prays for it, is the view held by the universal church for the first eight centuries of the Christian worship attested by its liturgies and its comments upon it. It is the view of the whole eastern church to-day, and that vast portion of the church which has often been led astray by the innovations of Latin medievalism upon this point.

And the sixth point is this:—Our liturgy then conforms to the true and universal idea of sacramental efficacy held by the church through the first eight centuries of its history. And according to it the prayer from the heart of the vocally speechless man is heard and answered by God, to whom it is addressed, as truly as if it were spoken through a megaphone. The main thing is that the heart shall be right before God, in view of the fact that He is the discernor of the thoughts and intents of the heart. Now, as I said before, the view of sacramental efficacy, namely, that it is God who consecrates what the minister has prepared for consecration, was the belief of the whole church for the first 800 years of its life upon earth. Dissensions arose in utter opposition to this belief which is still held by the Eastern or Greek Church. So that I think, in view of that, and that our liturgy directly conforms to it, you may be perfectly satisfied that the consecrated elements, in the sign language, both in Baptism and Holy Communion, being from God, is perfectly valid and full of blessing to you.

Perhaps a very few of us will be together twenty years hence. I will not be certainly, but in all the years to come, may God bless you and keep you, make his face to shine upon you and give you peace both now and evermore.

(*) "The Liturgies of S. S. Mark, James, Clement, Chrysostom, and Basil, and the Church of Malabar."—Translated by Drs. J. M. Neale and R. F. Littledale. (a) "The American Prayer Book, its principles and the law of its use."—Bohlin Lectures for 1887, by J. F. Garrison. (b) "Primitive Consecration of the Eucharistic Elements."—By Edmund S. Foulkes, B.D. (c) "The Consecration of the Eucharist, a Study of the Prayer Books of the Church of England and the Communion Office."—By Dr. Henry Riley Gummey.

CHURCH NOTICES.

DIOCESAN OF CENTRAL PENNSYLVANIA, WESTERN NEW YORK AND HARRISBURG.

Rev. Franklin C. Smales, *Missionary*, 1025 Rural Avenue, Williamsport, Pa.

A cordial welcome is extended to all the Deaf to attend the services and Bible Class meetings.

St. Thomas Mission, St. Louis.

Christ Cathedral Chapel, 12 and Locust Sts.

Rev. J. H. Cloud, *Minister*, 2606 Virginia Avenue.

Mr. Arthur O. Steidemann, Lay Reader.

Sunday Services at 10:45 A.M.
Sunday School at 10 A.M.

Week-day meetings at 8 P.M., on first and third Fridays and fourth Wednesday, in the Parish House.

Catholic Church Notices.

St. Francis Xavier's, 30 West 10th Street—Instruction and Services in the College Hall, at 3:30 P.M., on the third Sunday of the month.

St. Rose's, 165th Street, west of Amsterdam Avenue—Services and Catechism on Sundays at 9 A.M.

St. Vincent Ferrer's, Lexington Avenue and 66th Street—Services and Catechism on Sundays at 9 A.M.

BROOKLYN.—Knights of Columbus Hall, Hanson Place and South Portland Avenue.—Religious Instruction at 3:30 P.M., on the fourth Sunday of the month.

JERSEY CITY.—St. Peter's, 144 Grand Street, Services and Instruction in the College Hall, at 3:30 P.M., on the first Sunday of the month.

Under the direction of
REV. M. R. MCCARTHY, S. J.

FANWOOD.

The boys and girls of the kindergarten and primary departments marched into chapel last Friday afternoon, with happy and expectant faces to admire the tree and greet their good old friend Santa Claus.

The little people in the kindergarten had worked earnestly during the week, making useful gifts to take home to their parents, and folding the decorations for the tree. One guest said, "The Fanwood tree grows more beautiful each year," and the committee—Miss Scofield, Miss Thomason, Miss Teegarden and Miss Eckert—deserve great credit for the effective arrangement of the decorations on the tree this year.

Mr. and Mrs. Currier, Miss Herman, Mr. and Mrs. Van Tassel, teachers and about two hundred and fifty small guests, waved a joyous greeting to Santa, who appeared from behind the tree. Every body thought he strongly resembled Mr. Jones. After a very jolly greeting Mr. Santa Claus told the children a thrilling story of his experiences, read a letter he had received from Children's Land, and gave all some friendly advice. The eyes all over the chapel grew brighter and brighter as they watched Santa and admired his gorgeous red suit trimmed with white fur.

After the story the little gifts, which were made for certain members of the school family by the children who spend their holidays at the institution, were distributed, then each boy and girl went to the platform to receive a hearty hand shake and a box of candy from Santa Claus. A very grateful company of little folks waved good-bye to the Principal and Santa Claus, and then marched away to spend an hour playing favorite kindergarten games.

Just before the pupils went home to spend the Christmas holidays a few of the pupils went around to the heads of the various departments and got up a collection of about twenty-five dollars in order to make the pupils who remained here happy. The Protean Society led the contribution with five dollars, Mr. Bryan second, with three dollars and Miss Atkinson, Messrs. Hodgson, Clearwater, Spanner, Hopkins, Cooke, Nimmo and Margraf next with one dollar each. Others put in half dollars, quarters, or whatever they could spare. The money was divided among the girls, boys and kindergarten boys according to their needs. Then the various Santa Clauses departed to the mysterious part of the city, the shopping district, where all sorts of good things which go to gladden the hearts of every body at Christmas were seen. Whatever was needed was bought, and big, mysterious bundles began to arrive at the Institution. The big tree which was put in the chapel was captured with the consent of the Principal, by the Santa Claus of the girls, and put in the sitting room where it was further decorated.

The night before Christmas a dozen pairs of stockings were stuffed with oranges, apples, nuts and candy, besides the presents for the boys which went with them. The presents which gladdened the boys were flinch packs, dominoes, books, tops, fountain pens, blocks, etc., while the girls revelled in dolls, handkerchiefs, aprons and what not which go to make them wear the Christmas smile.

The little kindergarteners were not forgotten either by the giver of Christmas cheer. Toys of various kinds, along with the usual sweets, were bought. They went to bed happy that night, with their stockings hanging up for good old Santa to fill.

Those who have charge of the pupils at night had an easy time of it the next morning. No need to wake the pupils up. As soon as one head popped up, up went another, and then the boys made a grab at the stockings tied to the heads of their beds. The girls made a record in the time of dressing, for their stockings were hung in a row in their sitting room and they had to dress in order to go down. Exclamations of delight and wonder were heard on all sides when the tree was beheld, most beautifully decorated by Miss Alice Judge, who assisted Santa Claus in his noble work. The little tots in the kindergarten gave forth yells of delight when they saw the toys Santa's daughter, Miss Corbett, had brought them. The tutors had a hard time to drag them away from their new playthings to wash and prepare for breakfast, and when they did the little eyes were fastened upon the toys with appealing looks, as if to tell the toys to come to them.

There were two boys and nine girls in the hospital, yet presents in the shape of books, dolls, blocks, etc., found their way up to the lonely children with the consent of Miss Atkinson, the head nurse. The fact that Santa Claus had not forgotten them, cheered them up a good deal and sent them by a short cut on the road to recovery.

Every body at the breakfast table looked so happy that it would have certainly recompensed those who contributed to the fund had they seen them. We sincerely thank all

for contributing to the Christmas fund, and those who stayed all say that it was the best Christmas they have had in several years. If another appeal is made next year, we hope for the same generosity of spirit.

GALLAUDET COLLEGE.

From our Regular Correspondent.

Dr. Gallaudet, who has been in the South recuperating from his recent illness, has returned in the best of health and has resumed his duties in the college.

Those thrice-blessed exams, which persist in disturbing the even tenor of our way just before the joyous Christmastide, have come, buzzed around the chapel, seen, conquered some, and departed whence they came. The Junior Class is rather puffed up over the fact that every member passed, and they have good reason to be. To those of the other classes who failed we can only say, cheer up, grind up, and better luck next time."

The beginning of the holidays saw many of the students depart for their homes, fearing that old Santa Claus would be unable to distinguish them from the large number in college. Truly, it must be fine to live nearby and run up home and spike a sock up in its accustomed place by the old fireside, and sit around and crack puts, talk to the girls, catch them under the mistletoe, and kiss 'em good and plenty; to climb up to bed in the wee sma' hours, snuggle down in all sorts of clean sheets, fuzzy blankets, billowy comforts and things, and have mother come in with her night cap and bleaching gloves and tuck you in as of old! Lucky old boys! You should be glad your homes are not two thousand miles away.

McDonald, '12, was called home Christmas and likely will be unable to return and complete his course of study. He will be greatly missed by his classmates as well as all the other members of the student body. We wish him all success in his battle with the world, and hope that affairs will eventually shape themselves so as to permit his return to the old college.

Mr. Fowler, our benign and efficient steward, was suspected, detected and caught in the act of competing with good old St. Nicholas in the early morning of Christmas Day. At every plate in both dining rooms, he placed a gift of stationery, and wore the happiest of smiles throughout the day over the pleasure his thoughtfulness produced.

Bowen, I.C., has been discharged from the hospital where he was confined with an abscess in one of his ears. An operation was performed and the ailment quickly rectified.

Prof. and Mrs. Day are spending the holidays in Danville, Ky.

There are some exciting basketball games in the gymnasium almost every day between the first and second teams. The first team at present is composed of Craven, I.C.; O'Donnell, r.f.; Grace, c.; Hower, l.g.; McDonald, r.g. With the strenuous practicing done, it should soon be in shape to meet outside teams.

During the recent snow storm all new members of the masculine student body, according to custom, were given a thorough exterior cleansing in the cool drifts on the terrace. Several who, for some reason or other, did not get their last year, were among the number.

On the evening of December 24th, the girls had a party in their library, which was tastefully decorated with holly and Christmas greens. Games were played until a telegram arrived saying that Santa Claus could not possibly get around that night as he was overworked. He sent messengers, however, who distributed the presents. Then candy, nuts and apples were served. A beautiful tree, the gift of Mr. Fowler, was the feature of the occasion. Those on the committee were Miss Rath, '10; Miss Lewis, '10; Miss Newman, '11; Miss Pandrem, '12; and Miss Blackwood, I.C.

The O. W. L. S. received a very nice Xmas gift, in the shape of a set of chocolate spoons from Mrs. Snowa Frost Fugate and Miss Kilgore, '08.

Miss Jameson, '12, is entertaining her sister who arrived from Canada on December 24th.

Miss Pike, '11, and Miss Haywood, '12, are spending the holidays at the North Carolina School for the Deaf; Miss Sharp, '12, is in New York; Miss Streby, '09, in the suburbs of Washington; Miss Eaton, '11, went to Arizona to be present at her brother's wedding, as well as to experience the joys of a Christmas at home; Miss Sherman, I.C., went to her home in New York.

Sunday morning Miss Peet left for New York to visit her brother.

T. L. A., '12.

Hebrew Congregation of the Deaf.

Services every Friday evening, at 8:15 o'clock sharp, at Temple Beth Israel Bikur Cholim, 72d Street and Lexington Avenue, New York City. All are welcome.

Christmas Songs

SUNG WITH THE FINGERS.

From the Chicago Tribune

Christmas is always associated with laughter, the sound of revelry, the music of bells and organs and the gayer music of merry human voices. But there are men and women who cannot laugh, who cannot speak and who cannot hear, and to them, too, comes Christmas.

Over in St. Joseph's home at May and Twelfth streets, there are seventy-seven deaf-mutes preparing to celebrate the great festival. The great majority of them were born deficient in the two senses and, having never known sound, scarcely resent their eternal silence. But there are a few to whom there still remains some recollection of a world of laughter, music, and warm human voices, and it is to these that the real tragedy of the afflicted comes. Torturing memory awakes with increased activity as the Yuletide with its childish associations approaches and it requires all the patient tact and kindly thought of the priests and teachers to impart some ray of cheerfulness to the darkened lives of these unfortunate.

Christmas day services in St. Joseph's home are attended by some hundred deaf-mutes. This year they will sing "The Holy City" as the day's song. That word "sing" sounds like a slip or a misprint, but it is hard to know what else to say. Of course the singing is noiseless for it is done on the hands, and few stranger sights could be found than the spectacle of several score deaf-mutes standing up "singing" with all their might and without a sound.

Miss King, their teacher, takes up her position in a corner next to a piano and her pupils take their time from her. The effect is curious, as it seems impossible to conceive that the music of the piano is not being followed by the congregation. The rhythm of movement is perfect and the "singers" appear to be completely carried away, although not one of them has the faintest conception of what music is.

It is impossible to say what the exercises mean to these beings who lives in perpetual silence. Their processes of thought and their attitude towards life are so far removed from those of the normal man, that even those who are most closely associated with them cannot always comprehend their desires or mental reactions.

That they enjoy this mute singing is undoubted, but why is a harder question to answer. Music, of course, means nothing to them, but they seem to have some conception of the poetry of motion, although they would find it difficult to express it. Perhaps, indeed, they have a far better idea of it than the man or woman who depends so largely on sound for the realization of rhythm.

Father Moeller, the kindly old priest who has devoted his life to the care of the afflicted, will preach to them on Christmas day. A sermon in signs is almost as remarkable as the "singing." Amid absolute silence the priest communicates with his congregation (audience, it is not). He receives an attention which is rarely to be found in ordinary churches. The bright keen eyes of his flock follow every movement keenly, and seem to follow the sermon not alone from the signs of the preacher, but also from the expression of his face. Facial expression enters as largely into their conversation as manual signs.

Observation of the deaf-mutes gives rise to a curious reflection. They appear to have developed their religious sense far in excess of that of the ordinary normal person. Thrown back on themselves, perforce, for so much of their time, it is natural that they should become far more speculative and philosophic than one whose mind is perpetually distracted by the audible world. A certain spirituality is observable in the faces of the deaf-mutes and a calmness which is absent from the countenances of their more fully endowed fellows. It is presumably the compensation of nature for the affliction with which she has visited them.

Prayer is, of course, a part of worship which is open to deaf-mutes equally as well as to those who hear and speak, but the pupils at St. Joseph's have also been taught to pray together. The Lord's prayer, the universal prayer of Christendom is the one which they offer up together, and the spectacle of this silent congregation praying in unity is even more impressive than that afforded by their sign singing.

It is not possible to overestimate the enormous patience and self-sacrifice which Father Moeller and Miss King have given to the instruction and education of these afflicted ones. It is their life work, and they surrender themselves to it without a corroding thought of self. It seems only natural to this devoted man and woman that they should deny themselves for the sake of their less fortunate fellows, and they have found their reward in the intense affection which they receive from their grateful pupils, who have

learned to look to them as the kindest of fathers and mothers.

It is strange to find that out of the seventy-six inmates of the home sixty-five are females. Whether deafness and dumbness is more common among women than men it is not possible to say, but another explanation is given by Fr. Moeller. That is, that it is easier for deaf-mutes who are men to find employment and so support themselves than it is for women. The men learn, among other things, carving and printing, and Father Moeller declares that in occupations where only sight and manual dexterity is required, the deaf-mute will usually surpass his seeing and speaking brother.

There is in the home some handsome pieces of furniture which have been carved by the inmates, and in finish and style these articles might compare with those turned out by the best artists in the country. Unfortunately the limitations of the home render it impossible for the work to be expanded to the extent of its opportunities. It is the earnest wish of the fathers to establish schools where they might take care of all the afflicted who continually besiege them for assistance, but lack of funds has prevented this. In the last two years nearly 200 applicants have had to be turned away, a number which gives some idea of the possibilities of the work.

It would seem natural to suppose that the deaf-mutes are condemned to lives of calibacy, but this is not so. They fall in love, marry, and are given in marriage, just the same as the rest of the world. The idea sounds a little disturbing at first, but Father Moeller declares that such marriages have proved to be exceptionally happy, and that the children, when there are any, of these unions, are not only perfect in every respect, but are actually brighter and stronger than the average child of two normal people.

"I have officiated at several marriages between deaf-mutes," says the father, "and in no instance have I ever known any unfortunate results. When there has been a child, it has never been affected by its parents' affliction, and in fact, has usually been exceptionally bright and healthy."

One reason for this is found in the fact that the deaf-mutes are usually exceptionally healthy persons. They lead regular, simple lives, and are not exposed to the temptations which surround normal people. Dissipation is an unknown word to them, and being always more or less in a condition of tutelage, they go through life with a guiding hand to keep them from straying into vicious paths.

Everything progresses or decays, and even the sign language used by deaf-mutes has undergone considerable changes and modifications since its invention. The old style, where both hands were used and there was a separate sign for every letter, is unknown in the St. Joseph's home. One arm and hand is all that is used by the inmates, and the commonest words in the language are expressed by simple gestures. Thus the "our," which is the first word in the Lord's Prayer, can be expressed by a graceful movement of the hand across the "father." Naturally the pronouns, such as you, me, it, can be expressed by significant motions, and similarly such words as home, go, come, dinner, supper, etc., can be signified by expressive gestures. It is extraordinary to observe how simply and rapidly the deaf-mutes are enabled to carry on a conversation. They speak to each other almost as quickly as persons with all their faculties, and their powers of perception are so quickened that frequently only the first few words of a sentence are required to enable them to grasp the entire meaning.

In the majority of cases the deaf-mutes possess the organs of speech unimpaired, but simply have never learned how to use them. It is often possible to teach them how to speak by means of infinite patience and taking advantage of their powers of imitation. But, according to Father Moeller, the ordinary deaf-mute has no desire to speak. They are usually docile and obedient, and their gratitude for their teachers makes them willing to do anything they may be asked, but even when they have learned to articulate they only use speech when desired to do so, and quickly forget their lessons. Father Moeller declares that it only takes a few months for a pupil to forget how to speak after he has learned, and that he is rarely willing to learn.

Mr. Edwin H. Small, formerly of Hartland, Vt., and Mrs. Mary Rhinehart May, of Syracuse, N. Y., were married privately at the Catholic parsonage on November 21st, her son, Albert, and niece-in-law being witnesses. They returned home from Three Rivers, N. Y., where they spent a two weeks' wedding trip very pleasantly. Their friends were all very much surprised to hear of their marriage. They attended the services held by the Rev. Van Allen at St. Paul's Chapel, last Sunday morning. The bride was educated at Fanwood.

D. Ellis Litt, of Philadelphia, sails for Italy on the 4th of January. He will be gone about two months.

NEW YORK.

News items for this column, should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York.

A few words of information in a letter or on a postal card is sufficient. We will do our best.

The Hollywood Fraternity, thirty strong, with their wives and sweethearts invaded Yonkers Saturday afternoon, and marched to the rendezvous, Hollywood Inn, to await the arrival of Field Marshall W. W. Thomas. When that glittering officer finally appeared, the host-fled down Yonkers' devious ways till they arrived at the first base of operations, 100 Buena Vista Avenue. Summoning the surprised inhabitants, Commander Thomas presented the compliments of the invaders and begged leave to inform them that the house was for the time being confiscated to the uses of the Fraternity, in the name of King Mirth and good fellowship. The lord of the manor being absent, search was at once instituted for him, and after ransacking the house from basement to attic, and subjecting the inmates to a severe cross examination, they confessed that their lord and master, Chester Q. Mann, was neither in the water tank, nor the coal bin, but down at his club playing chess with a high-browed octogenarian. Scouts were dispatched and soon returned with the rotund Mr. Mann, considerably bewildered, after being plumped down in the seat of honor, Admiral Thomas delivered a severe lecture to him on the enormity of leaving his spouse, on this the twenty-fifth anniversary of their marriage. Then the rest of the company fired thirty rounds of different speeches at his devoted head, and that of his wife, and when the blushes had disappeared from his massive countenance Major Thomas led the company down to the dining room, where by his wise foresight was made to yield a tempting repast. Just as coffee was brought on and cigars lighted, Captain Thomas lifted from its hiding place, a massive sterling silver tea service of seven pieces and presented it to the astonished Mr. Mann, as a slight token of esteem of his brother members of the Fraternity and other friends. Mr. Mann responded with much feeling. Then cigars were lighted and coffee passed around, and the rest of the evening passed off joyfully. Before the party broke up, Lieutenant Thomas took a flashlight photograph of the assemblage. Some wag meanwhile had gone upstairs and jumbled overcoats, hats, gloves and rubbers, so Sergeant Thomas discovered some one had robbed his cigar case of a half a dozen perfectos and substituted Pittsburg stogies. The miscreant was traced up Warburton Avenue, by the odor, but lost at the junction of a brewery and glue factory. The last thing the party saw as they scooted for the trolleys was Private Thomas shaking hands with Mr. C. Q. Mann at the door, with a yard or so of near-tobacco alight in his teeth.

As far as can be ascertained the following members of the Fraternity were present: Brothers Stern, Renner, Thomas, Buermann, Berger, Brewer, Zwofe, Elsworth, R. Long, Holmes, Seelig, Keiser, and as invited guests Rev. Dr. John Chamberlain, Mr. and Mrs. T. F. Driscoll, Mrs. Thomas, Mrs. Putnam, and several others whose names have escaped our memory.

A large number were present at St. Ann's Church on the morning of Christmas Day, when Holy Communion was celebrated by Rev. Dr. John Chamberlain, assisted by Rev. John H. Keiser. His sermon was eloquent and most appropriate to the occasion. The large number that partook of the Holy Sacrament was most gratifying, and an evidence of the steady growth and increasing strength and influence of St. Ann's Church. After the service, Dr. Chamberlain and Mr. Keiser were warmly greeted by the members of the congregation.

The chancel was beautifully decorated with laurel, holly and evergreens, forming a pleasant background to the snowy whiteness of the marble altar, and the gleaming brightness of the altar crucifix and ornaments.

The day before Christmas generous baskets, containing each an eight-pound turkey, celery, potatoes, apples, oranges, dates, sugar, coffee, mince pie, and bread, were sent to several families. This was made possible by the Woman's Parish Aid Society, the Misses Gallaudet, Mr. Samuel Frankenheim, Mr. Henry Kohlman, and many other friends of the church, who know and appreciate the lavish charity it dispenses regardless of the narrowing bounds of race and creed.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Hutowsky, who were blessed with a pair of twin boys had a "Bris Meila" party Friday, December 25th, at 11.30 A.M., at their home. The twin boys are doing fine after the "Bris Meila." The oldest was named Heyman and the other William. All the relatives came with presents for the twins. There

was great sport over the presents because they had to bring two instead of one.

There was a grand dinner and every one left the table well satisfied.

We had a fine time. Indeed we had some very fine music. I would like to give names of those who were present, but there were so many I can not get all their names down.

Among the crowd, there were four deaf-mutes—Mr. and Mrs. S. Loenwerz, Rose Racien and Katie Ehrlich. The latter one of these said it was wonderful and interesting event, and something she had never witnessed before.

The Acorn Club held an old-fashioned candy-pull at the home of Mr. Calahan, on December 26th. The girls all put on aprons and seemed to get busy, but after all was said and done, the boys turned out some of the best "stuff." After we got the "grease" off our hands, other games were played, for which prizes were awarded, and the writer seems to have a faint recollection that there was some misletoe hung up in a good place. Miss Harriet Calahan, one of the teachers in the 23d Street School, was present, and made certain that every body was having a pleasant time. Those present were: Misses Pearsall, Lockwood, Racien, Bonoff, Lindhoff, Hirsch, Clark, Hirschkind, Schaefer and MacLaird, Messrs. Calahan, Holton, Gloistein, Lesser, McGinnis, Loew, Wolgamot, Barry, Rau and Ahmes.

Saturday evening, December 26th, at St. Ann's Church, was observed the 11th anniversary of the consecration of the church and the birthday of Laurent Clerc. Rev. Mr. Keiser conducted service. A fair attendance was present.

Rev. Mr. Keiser will officiate at his first celebration of the Holy Communion in St. Ann's Church, on Sunday, January 3d. The service will begin promptly at three o'clock, instead of 3:15 as heretofore.

Miss S. Howard was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Job Hedges at the Hotel Martineau for two weeks. They took in four performances, were invited to a luncheon at the Waldorf, and had a jolly time together.

Preparations are under way for the observance of the centenary of Edgar Allen Poe, at St. Ann's Church, Tuesday evening, January 19th. An elaborate literary program will be rendered.

Mr. R. E. Maynard is still confined to his bed, at his home in Yonkers, and is too weak to do more than sit up for an hour or so each day. We hope he will soon get back his lost strength.

A Looking Backward Masquerade will be held in the Guild Room of St. Ann's Church, Tuesday evening, January 5th. A good time is assured all who come.

The twin-son, Gerard, of Mr. and Mrs. George M. Taggard, died on Thursday morning, December 24th, after ailing for a long time. He was four years old.

Mr. Fred Stratton is seriously ill at his home with pneumonia. Fears are entertained for his recovery.

CHURCH MISSION TO DEAF-MUTES.

NEW YORK DISTRICT NOTICES.

St. Ann's Church, N. Y. Every Sunday at 3 P.M.
January 3d, Holy Communion.

St. Mark's Church, Brooklyn. Every Sunday at 3 P.M.
January 24th, Holy Communion

JANUARY 3d.

St. Paul's Church, Paterson, N. J., 10:30 A.M.
Trinity Church, Newark, N. J., 3 P.M.

Presbyterian Notice.

UNIVERSITY PLACE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, TENTH STREET AND UNIVERSITY PLACE.

Rev. George Alexander, D.D., Pastor.

Meetings will be held at this Church during the present year.

Bible Class meets at 3:30 o'clock Sunday afternoons, beginning January 10th, 1909.

Address all communications to the President, Mr. Archibald McL Baxter, 32 West 60th Street, New York City.

ALL SOULS' CHURCH FOR THE DEAF.

[Franklin Street above Green, Phila., Pa.

REV. C. O. DANTEK, Pastor, 5525 N. Nineteenth Street.

Services every Sunday at 2:30 P.M. (Except during July and August, 19:30 A.M.)

Holy Communion—First Sunday of the month.

Bible Class, immediately after services.

Cleric Literary Association meets every Thursday, after 7:30 o'clock.

BALTIMORE.

Rev. O. J. Whildin returned from his two months' tour of his southern field recently, and last week into both Trinity Chapel, Washington, and Grace Chapel, Baltimore, he gave some account of his trip—dwelling particularly upon the splendid condition of his mission stations in Durham, N. C., Cumberland, Md., and Wheeling, W. Va. He also spoke of his visits to Chicago and Philadelphia, and paid a glowing tribute to All Angels' Mission, and to All Souls' Church and its various parochial agencies. Mr. Whildin regards All Souls' as a model of mission activity and the relations of its pastor and people as peculiarly fortunate and happy. He also spoke of the Conference of Church Workers on December 8th and 9th, and of the good results he was hopeful would result therefrom. The social side of the visit he did not forget to mention—viz., the smoker at the parsonage, the banquet at the parish house, the dinner at the Mt. Airy School and the Gallaudet celebration at the Bingham. The last named function Mr. Whildin was obliged to forego, greatly to his regret, on account of an engagement in Baltimore on that evening, and an appointment in Wheeling on the following Sunday. Mr. Whildin is a member of the Gallaudet Club and nothing can so delight him as an evening spent at the banquet board with his fellow-laborer, Rev. Mr. Dantzer, his old Principal, Dr. Crouter, his old teacher, Mr. Kirkhoff, and with handsome men as Editor Hodgson, Mr. Zeigler, Mr. Davidson, Mr. Stevens, Mr. Reider, and a score more.

Mr. Andrew Leitch, Gallaudet, ex-'01, has, after several weeks' confinement in Johns Hopkins Hospital, been discharged as very greatly improved. He is looking his old self again and received quite a reception at the hands of his old friends. To anxious inquirers, he facetiously complained that he had had a surfeit of two things—hospitalities and hospitalities.

The Christmas Festival of Grace Mission, which was scheduled for the night of Christmas Day, has been postponed to Wednesday, December 30th, at the urgent request of that important, though humble and unassuming (before Christmas), functionary, the sexton. The postponement has been well received by nearly the entire membership of the Mission, however, as there were many who dreaded the idea of leaving the family fireside on such a night as Christmas, when family joy is at its height.

On account of illness in his family, Mr. George Schafer, Gallaudet, ex-'04, was unable to arrange for the celebration of Gallaudet Day on the evening of December 11th, but although no program had been arranged and the weather was anything but propitious quite a number were present at the Parish House at Grace Church, expecting something in the way of entertainment. Mr. Alfred Feast essayed to furnish the treat and succeeded admirably.

Mr. John C. Bremer, lay-reader in St. Elizabeth's Church, Wheeling, was the guest of Rev. and Mrs. O. J. Whildin last week, and accompanied them to Philadelphia on St. We very much regret that Mr. Bremer's engagements prevented him from attending the services at Grace Chapel and the weekly meetings in the Parish House. We hope he will come again some time in the near future, as there are many who would be glad to shake the hand of this successful and helpful young man. It should be mentioned in passing that the members of St. Elizabeth's Church contributed over \$38 to send Mr. Bremer to Philadelphia to attend the Conference. It is a compliment to Mr. Bremer that they think enough of him to make up this large sum for a purely social trip, and it is likewise highly creditable to the members themselves that they have shown such respect for their young mentor and leader.

On Sunday, December 13th, Rev. Mr. Whildin presented six candidates to Bishop Conduitt Gravatt, of West Virginia, for confirmation in St. Elizabeth's Church, Wheeling. This is the third class with a total of seventeen members confirmed by Bishop Gravatt within three years. The other two classes were presented to him by Mr. Whildin in Washington and Huntington churches.

In consequence of the change of date of the Christmas Festival at Grace Mission, there will be no meeting on the evening of January 1st. Mr. Adolph Bomhoff was scheduled for a social for that evening.

Mr. Wm. Hokemeyer is back again in Baltimore, and he as well as his friends are glad of it. Just now William is suffering with a badly swollen finger, the result of jabbing a Hamilton porker in the ear.

One of the most devoted habitués of the moving picture fad is Mr. Harry Bell, who can be seen at the Wizard on Lexington Street almost every evening. Harry has the most beautiful case of pictureitis that can be found in Baltimore, so his oculist tells him.

Grace Mission will have its Annual Oyster Supper on Thursday night, January 21st. Mrs. Alfred Feast has been appointed Chairman of the Supper Committee.

CECILUS C.

OHIO.

[News items for this column may be sent to our OhioNews Bureau, care of Mr. A. B. Greener, 938 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.]

Dec. 26, 1908—The pupils of the State School for the Deaf, or rather all but about forty-five, left for their homes Thursday morning, to spend the holidays, and will return January 4th. The teachers of each class looked after his or her pupils in the get-away, even to the purchasing of tickets, and let us hope all will have a merry time and return promptly on time, refreshed from the daily routine of school duties. The "stay heres" were not neglected. Thursday evening a large Christmas tree in the B Center was given them, and every one of them received a Christmas present, besides a pound box of candy and an orange. On Christmas they feasted on fine turkey dinner, and during the afternoon and evening were given entertainment at some of the moving picture shows in the city. As all the teachers were excused during the vacation, the stay here pupils will have nothing to do except amuse themselves.

Thursday Mr. Ohlemacher, Mr. Zorn and Miss Clara Lingle went up to the Home, and carried a long lot of good things for the people there. The Ladies' Aid Society sent up apples, oranges, candy, mixed nuts and raisins; the senior and junior societies of Christian Endeavor sent up two oranges for each inmate, and the Columbus Advance Society gave the men a pair of mittens and handkerchief each, while the ladies received an apron each. They very much appreciated these remembrances. All were well, and all there except Mrs. Richards, who is on a visit to her mother in Michigan.

The following is taken from the Columbus Citizen. This is the same boy whom mention was made last Fall, as having disappeared from his home:

"It is sometimes true that the more we have the more we want. Also when we have little, we want little."

"For that reason, Florian Berchier, a legless, deaf and dumb boy, who is a pupil at the Blind and Oral School, says he doesn't want anything in particular for Christmas, except a baseball catcher's mitt."

"In spite of the loss of his legs, Florian is the expert catcher on the school ball team, and the way he takes 'em right off the bat is considered marvelous by his teammates. Of course he can't run the bases, but there are always volunteers for that duty when Florian plays ball."

"It is whispered that some one has taken the matter up with Santa Claus, and that Florian will get his most desired present."

Mr. Frank R. Gray, of Pittsburg, Pa., showed up in the Capital of Ohio early Christmas morning on some mission, but just what, he refuses to divulge, but we suspect it was to get into clear atmosphere, and Columbus when compared to the "Smoky City" is way ahead as to that. Just now Pittsburg-air is full of graft rumors, and when Mr. Gray was quizzed if he was in the mix-up, claimed he didn't stand in with politicians. He was at the Institution this morning, where several of the College boys had the pleasure of meeting him and renewing acquaintances.

The school will have a near, or rather next-door neighbor, Governor-elect Harmon after January 11th. He has leased for two years, the fine large residence of Ex-Sheriff Horn, which stands just west of the new school building.

Patrons of the Howard Investment Company, of Duluth, Minn., here have received a nice little remembrance, as a Christmas gift, in the shape of a little pocket mirror and case combined.

Mr. R. P. McGregor left this morning for Pittsburg, where he will remain until next Wednesday, visiting Mrs. McGregor's brother. He will go on to Washington, D. C., where he will entertain the Literary Society of Gallaudet College with a lecture, December 31st.

By working extra time during the week, the employees of the bindery had Christmas and a day as holidays.

With this closes the 1908 letters, and to the readers of the JOURNAL the writer wishes a happy and prosperous year for 1909.

A. B. G.

The marriage of Miss Edith Amelia Connor and Arthur Andrews Wagner took place at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. George D. Connor, in Syracuse, N. Y., on Wednesday evening, December 10th, the Rev. H. Reid Miller officiating. The groom is a graduate of Syracuse University, and a member of Beta Theta Pi. Mr. and Mrs. Wagner will reside at Buffalo, N. Y., where Mr. Wagner holds a government position.

CHICAGO.

H. A. Brimble, 3335 Cottage Grove Ave., Chicago.

The Chicago correspondent wishes the JOURNAL a Happy New Year. Mr. Gussie Hyman, who is connected with the firm of Hyman, Berg & Co., is entertaining his brother-in-law for the holidays.

Mr. Ethelbert Hunter, who strongly resembles the late Bill Nye, has been offered a position in a large town of Wyoming, in a large printing establishment. He declines to accept the offer, as he is thoroughly satisfied with his present position.

Miss Frieda Due, of Racine, Wis., has made Chicago her home. She lives in Evanston, the North Shore suburb of Chicago.

Mr. Oscar Regensburg, of Los Angeles, Cal., reached here last Tuesday, and was pleased to meet his old friends.

There is an epidemic of scarlet fever in the Jacksonville Institute, where 110 cases are reported. The Institute is quarantined.

Mr. Clarke, an Indiana boy, who is staying in Milwaukee, Wis., enjoys being classed as a good hunter, for while on a recent hunting expedition he brought down with the precision of a sharp-shooter a Buck weighing two hundred and fifty pounds. Overjoyed with his success he invited his deaf-mute friends to a barbecue of the Western type and mugs.

Miss Tade, a graduate of Gallaudet College, formerly gymnasium instructress of the girls, at Delavan, Wis., has accepted a position as teacher at the Oklahoma Institution. Her Chicago friends wish her success.

Miss Mary Peek and her brother, who formerly lived on Wabash Avenue and 35th Street, have sold their house, and bought one on Greenwood Avenue and 45th Street. The present abode is a spacious and beautiful house. Miss Peek gave a home warming last Thursday evening, from 8 to 10 P.M., to which she invited many. The company enjoyed her hospitality, and congratulated her upon her new acquisition. Miss Hazel Peek, a niece of Miss Mary Peek, graduated from the University of Chicago last Friday. She is a young lady of refinement and intellectual ability. Those who had the honor of attending were Dr. and Mrs. Dougherty, Mr. and Mrs. Sonneborn, Rev. and Mrs. Flick, Mr. and Mrs. Frank, Mr. and Mrs. Gallaher, Mr. and Mrs. Gibson, Mr. and Mrs. Watson, Mr. and Mrs. Angle, Mr. and Mrs. Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Goodman, Mr. and Mrs. Martin, Mr. and Mrs. Buchanan, Mr. and Mrs. Luttrell, Mr. and Mrs. Brimble, Messrs. Codman, Hasenstab, Raffington, Carpenter, Leff, Misses McKee, Knight, Dorchester, Zollinger, Messrs. Hunter, Zollinger, Codman, Regensburg, Hart, Rouse, Liebenstein.

Mrs. Geo. Flick arrived home from Baltimore, accompanied by Rev. Flick, last Saturday. All her friends were delighted to see her after two months' absence. Mr. Ed. Rowe was companion to Rev. Mr. Flick during her absence.

An effort at concentrating the Illinois State Association and the promoters of the Illinois Home Fund to attend a harmonious meeting was made, and the special meeting took place last Saturday at the club's room. The purpose of the meeting was to promote the welfare and interest of the Illinois State Association, which the Home Fund is connected with. This meeting was given the name "The Chicago Chapter of the Illinois State Association."

It was formally organized and the installation of new officers for the ensuing year took place. Important business was transacted, in which it was decided that there shall be three meetings annually. The elected officers are: President, J. E. Gallaher; First Vice-President, Mrs. Morton Sonneborn; Second Vice-President, Mrs. G. Dougherty; Secretary, Mrs. Roy Carpenter; Treasurer, Mr. Morton Sonneborn.

After articles of the Constitution and By-Laws were made, the meeting adjourned at 10:55 P.M., with the announcement that the next meeting will take place in May.

The officers held a consultation after the meeting, in which Harry Brimble was appointed Chairman of the Labor Day Picnic for the Home Fund.

Rev. Mr. Hasenstab and family spent Christmas with his parents at New Albany, Ind.

This is Rev. Mr. Hasenstab's first visit to the old home in thirty-three years. We wish him much pleasure. They returned last Saturday to conduct service at the Methodist Episcopal Church.

The Ladies' Aid Society of the deaf gave a Christmas-tree festival at the M. E. Church, last Friday evening. Although the crowd was not as large as usual, owing to the recent announcement that the hall was rented to another society for December 24th, but there were plenty of presents exchanged, and every body was happy.

Miss Randolph Dorchester finally

bade Chicago good-bye, and left for home in Texas to spend the holidays with her folks. A certain party grieves at her immediate departure, but overcame the grief when he was informed that her departure is but transitory.

It was intimated that Mrs. E. Craig has been figuring up a card party in the near future. It is understood she intends to invite ladies only.

Boys, do not forget to attend the club's monthly meeting January 2d, as there is going to be some thing "hot and exciting."

Mrs. Ben Frank took a special trip to Kankakee, Ill., last Sunday morning, to the bedside of her father, who has been sick for some time. We hope his illness is not serious.

The Literary Circle got up a fine programme, some thing new, which proved an excellent drawing card, for the room was well filled. Messdames Angle and Brimble gave a beautiful rendition of Longfellow's poem "The Maiden and Weather Cock." They were heartily applauded, for it was an exceptional treat. Then a round up debate on Socialism followed. Those who took part were Dr. Dougherty, Rev. Mr. Flick, and Mr. J. Gallagher. Mrs. Morton Sonneborn was billed to sing, but didn't show up, and we all were disappointed.

Election of officers followed: President, Rev. Mr. Flick; First Vice-President, Mrs. Kingon; Secretary, Mr. Charles Angle. Adjournment followed at 9:55.

Mr. Washington Barrow's father died after a few weeks of illness of Bright's disease. The body was brought from New York for burial in Nashville, Ill. Mr. Barrow left to attend the funeral. They were to be confirmed by Rev. Mr. Flick last Sunday, but have put off until some other time. The Barrows have the sympathy of their friends in their bereavement.

We are grieved to hear that Mrs. Gordon was removed to a hospital recently, in order to undergo a surgical operation, which we sincerely hope will be successful.

Class Continued

On Sunday, December 13th, Bishop Peterkin, assisted by Rev. C. Whildin, minister for deaf-mutes, held an interesting meeting at St. Elizabeth's Chapel, Steenrod Place, near Wheeling. A class of six were confirmed. J. H. V. Fowler, who has always taken a great interest in the chapel and rendered valuable aid in the building of the church had expected to attend, but was unable to do so on account of temporary indisposition.—Herald, Wellsburg, W. Va., Dec. 15.

Services in the Dioceses of Albany and Central New York.

First Sunday in the month: Morning, Troy; afternoon, Albany; evening, Amsterdam.

Second Sunday: Morning, Syracuse; afternoon, Oneida; evening, Utica.

Third Sunday: Morning, Troy; afternoon, Schenectady; evening, Herkimer.

Fourth Sunday: Morning, Utica; afternoon, Rome; evening, Syracuse.

The above is the ordinary arrangement of services. Departures from this arrangement and appointments for week-day services will be announced by postal card.

H. VAN ALLEN, Missionary, 232 Grove Place, Utica, N. Y.

SOUTHERN DIOCESES.

REV. OLIVER J. WHILDIN, General Missionary.

Church services are held in the following places by the lay-readers mentioned on such Sundays and other days, and at such hours as are locally announced. The general missionary visits these and numerous other stations throughout the South at intervals to be appointed and locally made known.

LAY-READERS.

Grace Chapel, Baltimore, Mr. G. W. Boss.

Trinity Chapel, Washington, Mr. H. L. Stafford.

St. Elizabeth's Church, Wheeling, Mr. J. C. Bremer.

St. Philip's Church, Durham, N. C., Mr. R. Fortune.

Christ Church, Little Rock, Ark., Mr. J. H. Eddy.

St. Paul's Church, New Orleans, La., Mr. H. L. Tracy.

William T. Burge, of Scranton, Pa., passed away on December 12th, on the anniversary of his birth, after a lingering illness of eight months. For four years he had suffered with asthma, which has called to the Great Beyond countless numbers of coal miners. In St. Luke's Episcopal Church, of which deceased was a member, Rev. Dr. Roger Israel performed the funeral rites over the remains assisted by Chas. L. Clark, who interpreted in signs to the eighty deaf. The church was well filled. William T. Burge was born in Wales, December 12th, 1863, emigrated to Scranton, Pa., at the age of four years, and remained there ever since. His sister, Mrs. Dolph, survives him.

Carroll May Die

"I have always been handicapped by not being able to hear and speak. If I am a cripple, too, I might as well die. If they cut off my leg when I am unconscious I will surely kill myself when I get out of the hospital."

His fingers working with great rapidity, James Carroll, a deaf-mute, thus declared his stand against the amputation of his right foot and ankle, which were crushed by a street car.

He was even then dying, the surgeons of the Jersey City Hospital said, for septic poisoning had set in. His temperature was 105. In the afternoon he became delirious, and his condition showed that his whole system was infected with blood poisoning. But Carroll had no thought of dying in the morning. Continuing his sign talk, he said:

"I have a strong constitution. I haven't given up hope, in spite of the doctors. Tell my friends not to get ready to come to my funeral until they see my death notice in the papers. The pain is worth bearing for the sake of my leg. There is no need of anybody shedding tears for me. This affair is my business."

The physicians at the hospital told his sorrowful relatives and friends not to disturb the sufferer with further petitions for his consent to an amputation. "The time for amputation has passed," they declared. "To amputate now, when his whole system is weakened by the spread of septic poisoning, certainly would be fatal."

During his lucid intervals, in which he suffered great pain, Carroll professed to be satisfied with the situation which his stubborn refusal had brought upon him.

Sergeant Timothy Murphy, of the Jersey City police force, first cousin of Carroll, yesterday tried to get Carroll to tell who pushed him from the front platform of a street car Friday. Carroll refused, writing on a slip of paper, "That wouldn't help me any, and I don't want to get anybody else into trouble."—N. Y. American.

Bridgeport, Ct.

DEAF-MUTES ORGANIZE.

As far as can be learned the only society whose membership is composed entirely of deaf-mutes was organized the past week in this city. Its object is to give aid and assistance to any deaf-mutes in the state and it is intended to co-operate with the Charities department so that they will not be imposed upon by pretended mutes. Another object is the establishment of a seaside home and a committee has been appointed which will have this matter in hand. A masked ball will be given in Germania Hall on January 22, which is most likely the first of its kind to be given in this city or state.

Officers have been chosen as follows, and the membership extends all over the state, though its inception was in this city: President, Joseph P. Youngs, Bridgeport; vice president, George D. Stevenson, New Haven; treasurer, Joseph L. Leghorn, Milford; secretary, Chas. L. Schindler, Bridgeport; recording secretary, William P. Sullivan, Guilford.

The officers named are not unknown in the cities where they live. President Youngs is well known in this city, being a brother of Thomas Youngs, proprietor of the cafe opposite the Police and Charities building on Fairfield Avenue. Vice President Stevenson is connected with the New Haven Gas Light Co.

Treasurer Leghorn is in the printing business at Milford, and is a member of several societies in that city. Secretary Schindler was for fifteen years in business in Brooklyn, making badges. He recently moved to this city. Recording Secretary Sullivan is an iron moulder in Guilford.—Etc.

A Phenomenon Explained.

"There goes a man who has never spoken an unkind word to his wife," said Willoughby.

"Fine! Who is he?" asked Worthington.

"He is a deaf and dumb bachelor named Harkaway," said Willoughby.—Lippincott's.

MARRIED—At St. Louis, Mo., December 20th, Mr. Nelson A. Reed, of Cherryvale, Kan., and Mrs. Flora Jarrett, of St. Louis, the Rev. J. H. Cloud officiating.

In spite of the fact that the University of Moscow does not admit women students, it is to have the first woman professor ever appointed in Russia.

Reeds instead of woods are used by the thrifty people of Sweden to lath their houses, because they are cheaper and about as durable.

New York has one public park that is 250 years old, and that is Bowling Green, which was the playground of the first Dutch settlers.

The sleeping in the open-air cure for nervousness and insomnia is becoming more popular in England.

ANECDOTAL.

A suffragette sneered at Mrs. Humphry Ward's queer logic the other day. "I know the prolix lady was against votes for women," she said. "At a lunch of suffragettes in New York, by means of a parable she pointed out her belief that the immediate home circle, not the distant polling booth or Senate chamber, was the true feminine sphere of usefulness. We didn't applaud, I assure you."

"She said an aged Scot told his minister that he was going to make a pilgrimage to the Holy Land."

"And whiles I'm there," said the pilgrim, complacently, "I'll read the Ten Commandments aloud frae the top o' Mount Sinai."

"Saunders," said the minister, "tak' my advice. Bide at hame and keep them."

Rosecrans W. Pillsbury, of New Hampshire, who has been defeated twice for the Republican nomination for Governor, turned up at his office bright and early on the morning after his second rejection by the party convention, and told his friends this story:

A man was once walking along the street when a door flew open and a man came bumping down the steps to the sidewalk. Picking him up the pedestrian asked what was the matter.

"That's my club in there," said the projectile. "It's a political club; there are nine Jones men, and I'm for Smith. They threw me out. But don't worry. I'm going in and clean 'em all out. You stand here and count 'em."

In he went, and sure enough, in a minute the door burst open, and a figure cleared the steps without touching.

"One!" said the spectator, holding up an index.

"Hold on!" cried the prostrate one; "don't begin to count yet. This is only me again!"

Mrs. Blank knew that the girl was raw, but she had engaged her for that very reason, feeling that by careful instruction she might be able to develop Norah's latent possibilities into a fairly expert handling of the affairs in her dining-room. Taking her into the dining-room, she showed her in detail where everything was, from the salt-cellar to the fish-forks; initiated her into the mysteries of the china-closet, and otherwise gave her a pretty comprehensive first lesson in Domestic Economy.

"Now, at dinner, Norah," she went on, "we always begin with oysters on the shell. Mr. Blank is very fond of them."

"Yes, ma'am," said Norah, a gleam of intelligence lighting up her blue eyes. "And do I be after puttin' on th' root-crackers wid' em?" "Nut-crackers?" demanded Mrs. Blank. "What for?"

"To break open th' isthers, ma'am," explained Norah. "Sure they do be hard tings to crack wid yer teeth."

One of the foremen on a railroad has a keen Gaelic wit. One warm afternoon, while walking along the line, he found one of his men placidly sleeping on the embankment. The boss looked disgustedly at the delinquent for a full minute and then remarked:

"Slape on, you lazy spalpeen, slape on, fur as long as you slape you've got a job, but when you wake up you ain't got none."

Lord Roberts once promised to inspect the boy's brigade battalion in Glasgow, but at the last moment was prevented by illness. A local officer was secured to fill his place, and in selling tickets for the inspection it was thought only fair to let purchasers know that the distinguished field marshal would not be present.

One small brigade boy came up and asked for two tickets for his father and mother. The Clerk said: "Do your father and mother know that Lord Roberts is not to be present?"

The boy replied, with a look of self-confidence: "It's no Lord Roberts they're comin' to see, it's me."

There was a thin and nervous woman, who could not sleep. She visited her physician, and the man said:

"Do you eat anything just before going to bed?"

"Oh, no, doctor," the patient replied.

"Well," said the physician, "just keep a pitcher of milk and some biscuit beside you, and every night, the last thing you do, make a light meal."

"But, doctor," cried the lady, "you told me on no account to eat anything before retiring."

"Pooh, pooh," said the doctor, "that was three months ago. Science has made enormous strides since then."

The late Henry Miller, who was guide, philosopher and friend to many book-lovers within a thousand miles of New York, was a most successful salesman. One day he called

ed on Collis P. Huntington and showed him a rare copy of—

"There are two volumes of this," said Mr. Miller. "The other volume is in perfect order, as you see this one is. You cannot possibly let them escape you, for you know you have nothing like this in your library."

"What is the price?" asked the railroad king.

"Seven hundred dollars," said the bookman.

"Those are too valuable volumes for my library," Mr. Huntington exclaimed.

Mr. Miller went back to his place, and sent the books to Mr. Huntington's house with a bill for seven hundred dollars. Next day the railroad king sent for him.

"Why did you send me those books?" he demanded, sharply.

"Because you bought them," was the bookman's clam reply.

"I certainly did not!" cried the millionaire.

"Oh, yes, you did," answered Mr. Miller. "You'll remember perfectly well when I tell you what you said. You told me distinctly, 'Those are two valuable volumes for my library.'"

An official of the United States Department of Commerce and Labor, who had been directed by his chief to draw up a summary of the conclusions of certain distinguished authorities on engineering, met with disaster not long ago when he had occasion to refer to certain statements of Mr. A. R. Colquhoun, the British Engineer.

The official had been told that after Mr. Colquhoun's name there should be placed the letters "M. I. C. E." (Member of the Institute of Civil Engineers). "That's easy to remember," the official had said, adopting an easy method of mnemonics. "M. I. C. E." spells "nice."

This memory system was of little avail, however, for when the official handed in his summary the letters after Mr. Colquhoun's name were "R. A. T. S."

They tell a story in Ohio of the first alleged difference between Senator Foraker and Judge Taft. It is to the effect that Foraker, as Judge of the Superior Court in Cincinnati, was annoyed by an article which Taft, as a reporter for the *Commercial Tribune*, had written. Foraker, according to the story, sent word to the *Commercial Tribune* office to ask if Taft had written the article. Taft sent back word that he had, and Foraker, so the yarn goes, immediately hurried the messenger back with these words:

"If I had you here I'd slap your face!"

"Tell the Judge," Taft said to have retorted to the messenger, "to remain where he is and I'll be there in a minute."

The fact of the matter is, though, that Senator Foraker says that the yarn is a pure fabrication and that no such incident ever occurred.

The boatman had been angered by the asinine behavior of a young fellow among the party which he had taken for a sail. When the boat sprang a leak far out from the shore, boatman somewhat allayed the alarm of the rest of the party by serving out life belts, but he gave no belt to the would-be wit.

"Where's mine?" said the terrified youth.

"Don't you worry, my lad," said the boatman, with a vindictive smile. "You don't need no life belt. You'll never be drowned. A fellow with an 'ead as 'oller as your'n can't sink. Nature's given you a nat'ral life-buoy."

One of Lord Carmarthen's future constituents once asked the youthful candidate his opinion upon some abstruse question of which he knew nothing.

"Let him alone!" cried another, derisively; "don't you see he's nothing but a baby?"

"What do you think?" reiterated his inquirer, heedless of the interruption and determined to have an answer.

"I think," said Lord Carmarthen, with ready wit, "that it is high time for all babies to be in bed"; and so saying gathered up his papers and disappeared from the platform.

Again—and this last anecdote is so well known as to have become well-nigh historical—at a crowded meeting just before his election, he was interrupted by the question:

"Does your mother know you're out?"

"Yes, she does," was the instant retort, "and by Tuesday night she will know I'm in."

His prophecy proved correct and he headed the poll by a large majority.

A traveller in Texas says that he was riding along a cattle-trail near the New Mexico line, when he met a rather pompous looking native of the region who introduced himself as Colonel Higgins of Devil's River.

"Were you a colonel in the Confederate army?" the traveller asked.

"No, sah."

"On the Union side then?"

"No, sah; nevah was in no wab."

"Belong to the Texas Rangers?"

"No, sah; I do not."

"Ah, I see; you command one of the State militia regiments."

"No, sah; I don't. Don't know nothing about soldiering."

"Where, then, did you get the rank of colonel?"

"I see a kunnel by marriage, sah."

"By marriage? How's that?"

"I married the widow of a kunnel, sah—Kunnel Thompson, of Waco."

SIXTY years ago, there were in the Long Room of the London custom-house twelve officers styled "cocket-writers"; they wrote certificates that goods have been duly entered and the duties paid. They were also known as patent officers, because appointed for life by letters-patent from the Crown.

Their salaries were nominal, sixty pounds sterling a year, but they were permitted to remunerate themselves by extorting fees from the merchants—fees which, in some cases, amounted to a thousand pounds a year.

In 1831, the treasury determined to abolish patent offices, and called upon the twelve cocket-writers to furnish a statement of their emoluments. The officers, ignorant of the treasury's purpose, imagined that the government intended to impose an income-tax. Ten of the writers, therefore, returned a statement which understated their fees by several hundred pounds. The other two furnished an honest statement.

In a few days, ten clerks were surprised and disgusted and two clerks were astonished but pleased. The treasury notified the cocket-writers that their offices would be abolished, and that they would be compensated by pensions rated according to the returns they had themselves furnished.

There were gnashing of teeth and broad smiles in the Long Room. One of the two honest cocket-writers enjoyed his pension for fifty-two years, during which time the treasury paid him fifty-two thousand pounds.

SIDNEY, N. Y.

The writer was a very recent visitor at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Martin Minkle, of Corning.

It is surprising to note the vast difference in people, especially in women. Some women at seventy are younger, brighter, more alert and active than many others of forty-five. We have in mind, the case of Mrs. Humphrey, (mother of Miss Ella, a graduate of the Rochester School,) whose age Mr. Minkle announced as seventy. Just think of a woman seventy years of age, still in full possession of her mental faculties and able to write a legible hand. It has been said that comparisons are odious, the reader will therefore pardon if invited to compare Mrs. Humphrey with some middle-aged people that possibly they are acquainted with.

The Rome School is to be congratulated upon having secured the service of Miss Keller, of Utica, as assistant matron.

No woman in the service of the school has been held in higher esteem for ability than Miss Keller. That she is willing, in the interest of the school, to accept the position, is another evidence of her high conception of duty.

The silent Binghamtonians are becoming interested in the reports from Auburn to the effect that Dunn and McCarthy are thinking of moving their factory from that city. In Binghamton plenty of sites would be available for such a factory. For instance, there is room for the location of the new factory, which is twice as big as the entire factory in Binghamton, adjoining the local factory. It is reported as a movement will soon be started for the co-operation of Dunn and McCarthy in the matter, if the strike at Auburn continues to remain in force.

The following story comes from Maryland and makes interesting reading:—

A Cruel Precaution—"I have an idea that those new neighbors of ours are great gossips, but I can't find out."

"Why not?"

"You see, their cook is deaf and dumb, and none of the girls in the block understands the sign-language."

FREDERICK LLOYD.

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Direction Entertainment Committee.

Captain Asa's New Year's Brisket.

Continued from First Page.

happier after this," he said. "You're a born cook, and a diet of cold corned beef is to you as air to a fish."

He released her as the Captain came slowly into the kitchen. Captain Asa Gaynor put down the basket quietly. From one end the yellow legs of a mammoth turkey helplessly protruded.

"Rhody," said the Captain, "there's a basket of truck for dinner." He cleared his throat and hesitated. "I reckon I've been close and stingy some with you, but it won't be so no more."

John Charitis heard a little sob from Aunt Rhody and promptly turned away. There was a bit of a silence and then the Captain said with a humorous appreciation of his own position that did him vast credit, "and if it's quite convenient for you, Rhody, my dear, we might have dinner a little earlier to-day."

"Hurray for you," cried John, dear, turning about. "Come, have a smoke."

If you want to get stirred, go to see

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AFTERNOON AND EVEN-
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[PARTICULARS LATER]

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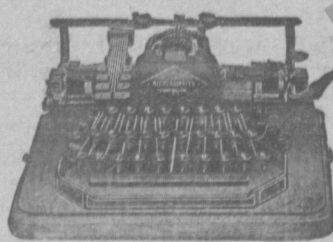
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The Gallaudet Memorial.

It is proposed to create a memorial to the late Rev. Thomas Gallaudet, D.D., by the erection of a Parish Building for St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes. The present Church is situated on 148th Street, just west of Amsterdam Avenue, and is built some twenty-five feet back from the line of the street to permit the erection of such a building as above indicated, which will form a facade to the church edifice and be a center of religious and social life amongst the silent peoples. Dr. Gallaudet hoped during his lifetime to see the erection of this building, which would have completed the church with which his name has always been associated. This was not permitted, and it is suggested as a most fitting memorial to him that this work be now undertaken. St. Ann's Church is used wholly for the deaf-mutes.

The new building will occupy a plot of ground about forty-five feet along the street front and twenty-five feet in depth. It will be three stories in height, with a basement, and will be used for the social, religious and industrial needs of the deaf-mutes of New York. The amount required for "The Gallaudet Memorial Parish Building" will be about \$30,000, and the building itself, in its position and purpose, will form a conspicuous monument to him whose life was devoted to the silent peoples. They themselves heartily endorse the memorial.

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